(Ctrl. Alt.) Delete

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13709430.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Top!Will, Bottom!Hannibal, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Fisting, Anal Fisting, d/s dynamics, Murder Husbands, a smattering of feels
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Reboot
Stats:	Published: 2018-02-17 Words: 1,547 Chapters: 1/1

(Ctrl. Alt.) Delete

by xstarxchaserx

Summary

“How much do you think you could take for me, love?”

The pet name falls so easily from Will’s lips, it cracks around Hannibal’s heart.

“Anything,” Hannibal replies. “Everything—.”

After a close encounter that almost brings everything crumbling down around them, our boys have a bit of frustration to work out.

The final installment in this series (I think). Please, **read the tags** and enjoy!

Notes

Thank you all so much for sticking with this series of what is basically nothing but smut! You can also find me on Tumblr!

They had been reckless. Reckless and stupid and stop caught up in each other that they barely escaped in time. They had both missed the looks of recognition in the woman's face. They both had to break their rule, leaving their charming home in Venezuela covered in blood before they sent it up in flames.

They heard the sirens approaching the docks as they switched the motor into high gear and took off into the moon capped waves. Three hours later, they were coming ashore on a secluded beach in Columbia, their boat sinking beneath the waves a mile out to sea. They found a car with a full tank of gas waiting for them. After a drive that saw them chasing the sunset of the following evening, they found themselves in another port, on another boat, in international waters. Finally, sleep took them both.

_____

It took almost two weeks and three separate vehicle changes before they settled into a small cabin about 50 miles outside of Goteborg, Sweden. Once given the all clear by Chiyoh, they locked the doors, shut the windows, and breathed. Their focus had been purely on survival, sleeping in shifts when they were on the water, taking turns driving. There hadn't been a moment where they could relax, not even a fraction, until now.

It's Hannibal that breaks first, wrapping Will in a bone crushing hug. "I was so afraid that I was going to lose you."

"Never."

"That's an awful long time, Will."

"You're damn right it is."

The ferocity of those words surprises a laugh out of Hannibal which is quickly swallowed up by Will's lips. They kiss languidly, savoring each other, until Will grips a handful of Hannibal's hair in one of his hands and tugs, hard.

"Bedroom. Now." It's not a suggestion, not that Hannibal could fathom saying no.

When they reach the bedroom, Hannibal expects Will to be rough, fast, but as always, he's a surprise, slowly pulling off Hannibal's sweater then starting on his jeans. He kisses every inch of exposed skin as it makes contact with the cool air of the bedroom, raising goosebumps in his wake. He leads Hannibal over to the bed, pushes him down onto his back and makes him wait while he pulls off his own clothes. Hannibal doesn't miss the small tube of lubricant that Will fishes from his pocket and tosses onto the bed. He doesn't know where it came from, but *dear gods*, he doesn't care. He's too busy staring at Will's cock.

Will crawls over Hannibal, slowly again, kissing from his ankles up to the inside of his thighs, past his already leaking cock and across the broad expanse of his chest. Hannibal reaches out once, trying to touch Will, but the look Will gives him is enough to have him wrapping his long fingers around the bars of the headboard. Will keeps up his slow, gentle

explorations until his kisses begin to take on an edge, turning from light hints at teeth to bites that make Hannibal suck in sharp breaths.

It's not long before Will has him turn over, so he's on his hands and knees, and begins the process anew. Bites make their way across Hannibal's shoulders and back, down the notches of his spine then lower still, to lick and nip at his hole. There's still no rush to the movements, and Hannibal wonders if this is what it feels like to be cherished. To be consumed.

The first press of a finger inside of him is done with only Will's saliva for lubrication. It's been a while, weeks really, and the burn and sting of it knocks the breath from him. Will opens the bottle of lube and pours some over his fingers, pressing a second one in. The burn is still present, but lessened by the slick. It feels like ages, an eternity, but Will is so kind, so careful, that Hannibal feels his chest tighten before the third finger makes its way inside of him and he keens at the sensation.

"How much do you think you could take for me, love?"

The pet name falls so easily from Will's lips, it cracks around Hannibal's heart.

"Anything," Hannibal replies. "Everything—." Will's fingers brush his prostate and he can't breathe.

Will presses a fourth finger alongside his others, adding more lubricant and taking his time. It's too much, not enough, but Hannibal's hips stutter, both running from the stretch and demanding more.

"Yeah?"

Hannibal knows, vaguely, that Will is asking him for permission to push further than they ever have before. The idea of having Will so deep inside of him is more than he can comprehend.

"Yes."

The press of Will's thumb against his hole aches. He feels like he's on fire, skin covered in a sheen of sweat, but Will has him. All of him. Will's other hand runs softly down Hannibal's back, the contrast setting his nerves alight. It seems an impossible task, taking all of Will like this, but Will is whispering words against his back that are barely audible, soothing nonsense.

"You look so good for me. So good. *Fuck,* if you could see yourself right now. Gorgeous. **Mine.**"

That word seems to push them toward a level of desperation that had, until this point, stayed at bay. Hannibal's cries raise in pitch, long groans interspersed with half sobs and begging.

"Who are you?" Will asks.

Does it matter? Does any of it matter?

A sharp slap makes Hannibal buck, first forward then back, harder, taking more of Will and almost tearing a scream from his own throat.

“I asked you a question,” Will says, evenly, and the threat is there.

“Yours,” Hannibal chokes out. “I’m yours.”

Will growls, then, and Hannibal presses back, bearing down, opening up and allowing Will to slip fully inside of him. It’s a sensation unlike anything he’s ever experienced. Full. Aching. The pain is there, but it’s a background note, a floral tone in a deep, red wine. He doesn’t know where he ends and Will begins any more, and it’s still not enough. It’s never enough, and how long have they been doing this now? It feels like a life time, like always, and Hannibal isn’t sure if he’s even still here. If this is real. He just knows he doesn’t want it to stop. Knows it can’t stop.

Knows, as Will twists his wrist *just so,* that he would rip his throat out with his bare hands if he were ever to try to leave. Will wraps his free hand around Hannibal’s throat, and Hannibal knows that Will would do the same.

He’s been irrevocably changed by this man, his past self decimated by the whirlwind and forest fire and ocean blue eyes. Some part of him is ashamed of that, feels weak, but—

“Look at you. So good for me, taking all of me. You’re brilliant. So strong, *perfect*…”

And who is he to argue, really?

Will’s, that’s who he is. No argument needed.

His orgasm has been hovering at the edges for a millennia, yet it still catches him by surprise when Will pulls out ever so slightly then presses back in with a twist of his wrist and Hannibal’s mind goes blank. A magnet run clean over a hard drive, empty and corrupt and not a single thought left, just feelings. A cocktail of ecstatic agony and radiant joy. He’s aware that he shouts, that there are tears running down his face, that Will is just as gentle and just as kind as he fucks him through it then eases out. The sensation pulls another whimper from Hannibal, and all he wants to do is collapse into himself, into Will, into *them.*

But Will is pushing into his oversensitive hole, pulling him up so his back is flush against Will’s chest as Will fucks up into him. He’s no longer slow. No longer gentle. His teeth are sinking into the flesh at the junction of Hannibal’s neck and shoulder, not breaking skin, but coming close, and Hannibal cries out, feels himself clenching around Will’s cock as what he thinks is an aftershock turns into another *petite mort*. He is barely aware of Will coming inside of him outside of the hoarse growl that ricochets through his mind, upending entire rooms in his mental sanctuary.

He must doze off once Will lowers him to the mattress. He’s briefly conscious of Will fetching a washcloth and wiping them both down. He allows himself to be moved as Will sees fit, rolled until Will can pull the blankets up and over them both. He pulls Hannibal to him, wrapping him tightly.

“Aš tave myliu, mylimasis.”

It’s not a language he understands, and yet Will goes still above him, and for one, horrifying second, he thinks he’s made a mistake. Neither of them have said it before. It’s been there, in the quiet moments, in the heated kisses, in the nights curled up together reading. It’s been there from the start, really, ever since breakfast in a seedy hotel and *”I don’t find you very interesting.”*

All at once, Will exhales and settles deeper into the bed, brushing his lips over Hannibal’s hair. “I love you too, Hannibal.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!